He doing ſo, put foorth to Seas,
Where when men bin, there's ſildome eaſe,
For now the winde begins to blow,
Thunder aboue, and deepes below,
Makes ſuch vnquiet, that the ſhip
Should houſe him ſafe, is wrackt and ſplit,
And he (good Prince) hauing all loſt,
By waues, from coaſt is toſt:
All periſhen of man of pelfe,
Ne ought eſcapen'd but himſelfe;
Till fortune tired with doing bad,
Threw him a ſhore to giue him glad:
And heere he comes; what ſhall be next,
Pardon old *Gower*, this long's the Text.

Enter Pericles wet.

Per. Yet ceaſſe your ire, your angry Stars of heauen,
Winde, Raine, and Thunder: Remember earthly man
Is but a ſubſtance that muſt yeeld to you:
And I (as fits my nature) do obey you.
Alaſſe, the Seas hath caſt me on the Rockes,
Waſht me from ſhore to ſhore, and left my breath
Nothing to thinke on, but enſuing death:
Let it ſuffice the greatneſſe of your powers,
To haue bereft a Prince of all his fortunes,
And hauing throwne him from your watry graue,
Here to haue death in peace, is all hee'l craue.

Enter three Fiſhermen.

1. What, to pelch?
2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
1. What patch-breech, I ſay.
3. What ſay you, Maſter?
1. Looke how thou ſtirreſt now.
Come away, or ile fetch thee with a wannion.
3. Faith Maſter, I am thinking of the poore men
That were caſt away before vs, euen now.

1. Alaſſe,

1. Alaſſe poore ſoules, it gr
What pittifull cryes they mad
When (welladay) we could ſc
3. Nay Maſter, ſaid not I as
When I ſaw the Porpas, how h
They ſay, they are halfe fiſh, ha
A plague on them, they nere c
Maſter, I maruell how the fiſh
1. Why as men do a Land,
The great ones eate vp the litt
I can compare our rich Miſers
As to a Whale; he plaies and
Driuing the poore Fry before
And at laſt deuoure them all a
Such Whales haue I heard on
Who neuer leaue gaping, till t
The whole Pariſh, Church, St
Per. A pretty Morall.
3. But Maſter, if I had beer
I would haue bene that day in
2. Why man?
3. Becauſe he ſhould haue
And when I had beene in his b
I would haue kept ſuch a iang
That he ſhould neuer haue lef
Till he caſt Bels, Steeple, Chur
But if the good King *Simonid*
Per. Simonides?
3. We would purge the La
That rob the Bee of her honn
Per. How from the fenny ſ
Theſe fiſhers tell the infirmiti
And from their watry Empire
All that may men approue, or
Peace be at your labour, hone
2. Honeſt, good fellow, wh
Search out of the Kalender, ar

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND